A ficlet while I'm discontent.

- Jun. 24th, 2010 at 2:03 AM

What is it about Supernatural and its tendency to make me write fic with minor (or major) religious themes. Ah well.

Supernatural; any; "but see a face, in tortured grace, whose eyes belonged to God"

[post S5 major AU and reinterpretation of why God kept bringing Castiel back to life.]

Terrible pain forced him to silence, and Castiel bowed his head against the pain, letting no other motion betray the effectiveness of their actions.

Detachment was easy enough to hold to, even when bones and feathers snapped and tore under their swords. Hatred was easy to leave behind, as was sorrow. Castiel resigned himself to the pain that was his duty to bear, and he did not curse his Father for his fate.

Becoming human had prepared him only marginally for this, and multiple experiences with death had not shown him the future.

Castiel felt his bones re-knit and his wounds mend, and he stood again. He could feel the anger of thousands upon thousands of angels buffeting against his skin like hot winds, and it was not long before they tore into him.

Even if God had focused this anger so it was pure and redeeming, it still hurt in ways Castiel had only begun to understand. He was not tortured, simply torn to pieces and stabbed and broken in countless ways, with the purity of mindless fury.

Knowing that God intended to open the eyes of his angels to Castiel's pain once this trial was over, and in doing so teach them shame and lead them towards redemption did not help.

Knowing that God had a plan did not ease the pain, and distantly Castiel wondered if this was yet another way to become human.

Still, still he let a blessing pass through his lips, and he let himself be battered once more, for it was his duty and God's will that this be done.